say *something.* Those are the reasonable terms on which I hold conversation with any person. During a long talk the wisest of men becomes a fool once and a simpleton thrice.

The Wanderer-. Your moderation is not flattering to those to whom you confess it.

The Shadow. Am I, then, to flatter?

The Wanderer: I thought a man's shadow was his vanity. Surely vanity would never say, " Am I, then, to flatter ?[3}]

The Shadow: Nor does human vanity, so far as I am acquainted with it, ask, as I have done twice, *whether* it may speak. It simply speaks.

The Wanderer: Now I see for the first time how rude I am to you, my beloved shadow. I have not said a word of my supreme *delight* in hearing and not merely seeing you. You must know that I love shadows even as I love light For the existence of beauty of face, clearness of speech, kindliness and firmness of character, the shadow is as necessary as the light. They are not opponents—rather do they hold each other's hands like good friends; and when the light vanishes, the shadow glides after it.

The Shadozv: Yes, and I hate the same thing that you hate—night. I love men because they are votaries of life. I rejoice in the gleam of their eyes when they recognise and discover, they who never weary of recognising and discovering. That shadow which all things cast when the sunshine of knowledge fails upon them—that shadow too am I.

The Wanderer: I think I understand you, although you have expressed yourself in somewhat